

Just That Easy

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Just That Easy

by [Asharyn](#)

Summary

Set in the same timeline as Stress Management and Fickle Thing.

Who would've guessed that Ryuko preferred romance movies?

She could be frustrating. That was something you had known about your sister before you'd even had an inkling of your blood bond to each other. Her turmoil and rage pouring from her fingertips like the whirlwind it so often was. Though even for all of that, Ryuko really, and truly, was an amazing person. It was something you had known the instant you laid eyes on her. Even if it had just been a gut feeling at the time.

So it rarely surprised you that the same hands that could cause so much destruction, even threaten entire nations, softened in the face of peaceful times. A complete one-eighty back down a path that you assumed she had nearly forgotten was inside her. It showed itself more frequently when you began to live together. In actions more so than words; since admittedly you both could be insensitively pigheaded at times. But it never stopped Ryuko from making it up to you. The dishes done when you returned home from work, dinner cooked and still warm even if you were plodding through the door at three in the morning, and sometimes if the fight had been especially bad, she'd stay up to welcome you back. A tea cup shoved into your hands before you could even mutter, "Tadaima."

You knew- even before you knew it- that you should've never been surprised at all when you fell so haphazardly in love with her. Illogical, mind boggling, and yet so perfect. The whole thing was so very Ryuko.

"Muu, Satsuki." Ryuko roused you, a slight hint of concern in her eyes. It wasn't everyday someone caught Kiryuin Satsuki daydreaming, after all. "You still up for watchin' this movie?"

"Mmm," you nodded. Coaxing her to take the DVD from you by prodding the corner of the case into her shoulder. "Of course. It is my night to pick the movie."

"God, why do you always pick these shitty romcoms anyways?" she'd moved to the television already. Putting an entire coffee table between you two. A smart move considering your first impulse had been a particularly violent one at her usual jest.

"You complain every single time but who's the one with wet eyes at the end?" with the movie loaded into the player, Ryuko stood from where she had been kneeling in front of it. Exhaling with her lips in a way that mimicked a horse.

"Pfft. Please." Despite her tough attitude you could see her cheeks reddening at the accusation. "You're just projecting your own tears onto me. I don't cry."

Staring at her pointedly had been enough of a response and she cleared her throat before moving back to the couch. Settling into the opposite side from you before picking up the remote and starting the movie. The space between you settled into relative silence. Music and voices other than your own the only sounds being made besides Ryuko's near constant need to fidget into a more comfortable position. Her movements causing the leather couch to groan out it's own displeasure.

Though as the movie started up, you could hardly manage to invest yourself in it. The truth was, and it had been so from the beginning, you didn't care much for romantic or overly

comedic movies. It was Ryuko's choices- the bloody and gory action flicks, that were your favorite types of movies as well. Something about the brutality and your own fervently violent past, just struck a chord with you. And it typically was more visually interesting; something you appreciated after long days of staring at spreadsheets, charts, and emails. But, those wouldn't do for your choice of movies. The truth, the real truth, was that mushy movies managed to do to Ryuko what you could never manage to replicate.

They made her honest.

"Urgh, these movies are always so damn stupid." you rolled your eyes at Ryuko's whining, even if you had barely paid attention to the content of the film since it began. "I mean, if they just bucked up and told the other how they felt it wouldn't take so long."

"Oh?" you fixed your eyes on her. Aware that she was still engrossed in the film enough to not notice your shameless act of ogling. "Then they would hardly have anything to base the movie off of."

"Yea, but at least they'd be happy and getting on with their fuckin' lives."

It took you a moment to realize that the ache in your chest had been from your heart skipping a beat. You debated, for all of a nanosecond that seemed to stretch on for hours, about how it was and wasn't the right time.

But then your mouth, for the first time in your life, completely betrayed you.

"So if that's the case... how do you feel about me, Ryuko?" she didn't seem to register what you'd said at first and you were well on your way to breathing a healthy sigh of relief until you noticed her stiffen. Blink. Then turn to lock eyes with you, her own wide with seeming terror.

"W-w-what?" there wasn't anything behind the word. Her mouth formed the syllables that you could read from her lips but she never managed to push it out.

All you could do was continue to stare at her. Watching as she went from disbelief, to fear, to something else. Something that caused her to cast her gaze to the floor, then up to where her fingers were fidgeting against each other in her lap. All the while you never could look away and your own fingers began to curl into the fabric of your skirt. The all too familiar prickle of anxiety beginning to creep down the nape of your neck as she looked back up at you again. Her bottom lip captured between her teeth. And suddenly all you wanted to do was reach out and sooth her. Anything to keep her from doing anything drastic to herself. "Ryuko..."

She closed her eyes and drew in a long breath before huffing loudly enough to nearly startle you. Throwing herself from the couch to pace a few steps away, then back, then away again. You were about to stand in an attempt to confront her, only for Ryuko to promptly seat herself on the coffee table in front of you. Her eyes steeled in a way that suddenly reminded you that the same blood coursed through your collective veins.

A perked eyebrow was your only response to her behavior.

"I don't want shit to get weird. Between us," she motioned with her hand at both of you before continuing. "If you want to know, we'll talk. But you've gotta promise me it isn't going to- to..."

Her confidence in the situation was fading and you reached out your hand to her, your pinky finger extended. Matching her smile when she took it with her own finger. The determination she'd been so close to losing returning in full.

"Satsuki I..." Ryuko cleared her throat into her fist. Her face a dangerous shade of scarlet the likes you hadn't seen before. "I think for a while now I've sorta, uh... Been uh..."

"Ryuko." the time had come, after so long, and you weren't about to let Ryuko blather her way out of the situation. "We have been sharing the same bed frequently for the last year. Do you truly believe that was all it was to me?"

"I- erh, well. Yea?" she shrugged before the weight of your words settled on her. Startling her back into a state of babbling. "You mean- I and you- it- uh-"

You waited patiently for her to get a grip on her own tongue.

"So what you're saying is..." Ryuko braced both of her feet on either side of you on the couch. Leaning forward so she could frame her hands in a thoughtful A-shape while narrowing her eyes at you over them, "it wasn't just sleeping?"

"Sometimes you remind me that the only reason you were capable of saving the world is because you were the only one of us stupid enough to do so." Your quip at any other time would've warranted a sarcastically timbred response from her. But it seemed Ryuko didn't care if the idiotic grin plastered to her face was any hint.

"Why didn't you just tell me, Sats?" there was something frighteningly warm in her words. Terrifyingly welcoming.

"It..." you fidgeted a moment under the softness of her stare. Your big toe 'accidentally' brushing against the outside of her thigh. "It wasn't my decision to make alone."

As Ryuko nodded her head she offered up both of her palms to you. Laid out flat across the back of her knees. A silent gesture of permission that you answered by pressing your fingertips into the space she'd offered up for you. You'd held hands before, of course, but this was wholly different. Spreading warmth from where the contact was, up your shoulders, and through your torso. It took all your worth not to gasp for your next breath when she curled her digits around yours.

"Is it truly this easy?" Ryuko brushed her thumbs over the back of your knuckles. Looking up to smile at you the way that always managed to leave you breathless for a few seconds. Her face was all crooked teeth and nose, her eyes squeezed shut by the force of her cheeks.

"Mmm, probably not? I mean- I just-" the squeeze of your fingers around her hands seemed to calm her though did nothing for the blush that had yet to fade from her cheeks and neck.

“I’d like to stick around with you for as long as I can. In any way that’s cool for the both of us.”

“Is forever alright, then?” you asked. A knowing smile spreading across your face.

“Absolutely.”

“Even if it’s everything? Sisters, friends, lovers?”

“I-I-uu-mrrn-” the stuttering mess you managed to devolve your sister into had been well worth the sultry tone you graced the last word with. But it was Ryuko’s sudden nod and the faintest brush of her lips against the peaks of your knuckles that had you realizing you were hardly immune to such acts. Your face lighting up even as you attempted to turn your body to hide it. “Should we just, uh... go back to the watching the movie now?”

All you could manage was nodding in response. Tugging at Ryuko’s hands until she rose from the coffee table she’d been seated at and plopped down beside you. The closeness of your bodies suddenly no longer a risky maneuver on either party. Just soothing, instead. So, you rested your head against Ryuko’s shoulder, your legs curled up so that you were almost completely tucked against her. Relaxing for all the moment allowed.

Ryuko didn’t move a hair for the rest of night. Even as you both dozed off as the credits rolled.

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